In Sickness and In Health

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/34045552.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Polar (2019), Blood and Chocolate (2007), Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser
Characters:	Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Mention of Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Omegaverse, Alpha Duncan vizla, Omega Aiden Galvin, Alpha/Omega, Fluff, Sick Fic, Some naughty thoughts but no smut, Oneshot, Domestic Fluff, Don’t copy to another site, Not Beta Read, True Mates, Feeding Kink, BlackWolves
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Hannibal Extended Universe Pairings, Part 16 of Omegaverse Stories
Stats:	Published: 2021-09-23 Words: 2,132 Chapters: 1/1

In Sickness and In Health

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Duncan returns from work and finds his omega Aiden sick in bed. He does everything to nurse his younger mate back to health as every bonded mate would do.

Notes

This was written because I had a craving of soft alpha Duncan and his sick and cranky mate Aiden. I caught a cold and fever myself (no covid-19)and this helped me to cope.

The cold/ flu in this fic is fictional and isn't based on any scientific facts or Covid-19. I'm also not an anti-mask or anti-vaxxer. Just couldn't be bothered.

My other stories are still in on hiatus.

I dedicate this fic to everyone who still reads my fics even though I don't update my WIPs that much anymore 💜

Duncan exits the black BMW X3 and slams the door shut. With a flick of his hand he locks the car and walks up the stairs to the porch of his cabin. A sigh escapes him as he steps out and inhales the crisp, sweet autumn air. Hís body relaxes as he does that. Duncan is relieved to be out of the city again. It has been a tedious meeting and not many of his new clients, managers and employees, would take his security advice seriously anyway. He has talked for hours, longer than his social awkwardness and battery allowed, but probably in vain. Maybe some advice is exaggerated. Anyway, no snobbish people, who never worked with their hands, are around him anymore. A relief.

Standing on the porch, Duncan admires the lake covered with colourful maple and oak leaves. It’s nice how it reflects the golden afternoon sun rays. Then he turns around and unlocks the door and pushes it open.The alpha has been looking forward to having a nice

time with his omega in the living room, some cuddling and sex, but Aiden is at university, focussing on his art studies and group works. He wouldn't be back before 8 or 9 pm.

Time to prepare a meal for his busy omega. He can't live off ramen, pizza and snacks forever. Duncan enters the anteroom and disposes of his coat, the boots and slips into his cozy slippers. As groans reach his ears, Duncan lingers in the hallway, a quiet snarl escaping him. In an instant his alpha instincts return. The alpha rushes quietly into the kitchen, clutches a knife from the drawer instinctively,and follows the sounds of distress with quiet steps.

As he pushes open the old, wooden door and walks quietly through the corridor, he can't discover any attacker by scent or by sound. No, only, the familiar scent of Aiden around. He continues to walk quietly through the hall towards the bedroom. There he finally discovers the origin of the agonised noises.In the middle of their king-sized bed serving as nest lies Aiden, buried in a layer of duvets.

Feeble whines come out of his mouth before another wave of cough hits him. Aiden's curls stick to his head. Duncan notices he is feverish but this time it's not the heat, there are no sweet pheromones luring him into the nest. The air has an putrid scent to it. A warning that something is not right.

Noticing the presence of his alpha, Aiden turns his head slowly towards Duncan.The omega gapes at his alpha with half-shut, glassy eyes.

"H..hi Duncan," Aiden greets him with a weak smile, barely able to lift his head."I..I wanted to go to uni, but I feel like shit today. I think…I caught a cold...at uni."

Another cough fit makes him thrash in the sheets. By throwing up his hand, he knocks off the half-empty yellow mug and the package with pain killers from the night stand by accident. Shards and some blisters with the painkillers scatter across the wooden flooring.

A rustic duvet with herringbone pattern slides down from the heap.The alpha instantly drops the knife and rushes over to the side to pick the blanket back up. He forgets the shards for now, but is careful not to step into the mess.

Distance be damned. He rushes to Aiden's side and touches his forehead. Aiden is burning up, he looks parched and dehydrated and that greatly worries the alpha.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"'Cause...cause I didn't want….to worry you."

Aiden leans into Duncan's fingers caressing his curls. "I wanted to prove that…." Another bellowing cough interrupts him.

"That you're not a needy little omega thing, that you can handle yourself on your own?"

Aiden avoids his gaze and nods. His chest falls and rises quickly after the coughing fit.

"Nonsense, boy. You are not a needy omega, " Duncan assures him, his left hand leaving his curls. He knows the struggle of being overly self-reliant and not letting anyone take care of

him. It's hard to be vulnerable sometimes. He lifts up Aiden's left hand, and clasps his fingers with his. Duncan bows down and plants soft kisses on their joined hands.

"Mates are there for another. In sickness and in health. Remember that, boy. I am your mate."

Aiden croaks out a feeble "Yes, alpha" and lifts his sleepy, hazy ocean-blue eyes at him. His lips carry traces of a smile. "I'll remember..next...time."

Duncan emits a soft purr and grants his omega a loving smile.

"Let your alpha take care of you," Duncan whispers. "I got you, Aiden."

"Now rest."

Aiden purrs sleepily and manages a weak nod before his head tilts to the right.

Duncan assesses the bed.Then sheets are damp but changing them is not yet urgent. The alpha quietly cleans up the mess on the floor and cards the shards into a container. He would not throw them out. It has been Aiden's favourite mug, a gift by his werewolf friend, and he would fix it later or get someone to fix the shards.

After checking if the blisters contain mini splinters of glass, he places the package with the remaining pills back on the nightstand. Duncan soaks a towel with cold water, returns to the bedroom and puts it on Aiden's forehead, before moving down to the end of the bed and lifting up his legs.

Aiden is weak and the alpha has it easy. He wraps the two other towels around his thighs, The omega whimpers as the cold towels touch his blazing skin. "Try not to move too much, darling," Duncan days gently. "These towels should bring your fever down." A displeased expression lies on his face "Cold", Aiden curses. "Fucking cold."

After wrapping dry towers around the wet ones, and covering him with the duvets, Duncan returns to his side.

"I know, boy, I know," Duncan answers and placates him and gives his blazing, stubbled cheeks a kiss.

"Would you like something to read? Should I read something to you?"

"No. Leave me alone."

Still sulking, Aiden turns his face away and drifts off into an uneasy slumber again, murmuring random things under his breath.

Duncan doesn't take it personally. He knows how being illness affects him. The doctors and nurses in the hospitals had been the victims of his abrasiveness when he had been treated after the business with that pathetic organisation.

With a last worried glance, Duncan heads out and makes his way to the kitchen to prepare a simple noodle soup. Not a fancy one, like his cousin Hannibal cooks, but a basic and no less

nourishing one. While cooking the soup, Duncan realizes it might be better to call Hannibal for medical advice. His cousin used to be a surgeon at John Hopkins and surely knows what to do.

The alpha struggles a bit, his self-reliance and pride chiming in, but in the end he dials the phone number. Anxiety falls off his shoulder when Hannibal's voice reaches his ear.

After the phone cal and doing some chores, Duncan brings the bowl of noodle soup and a new mug of herbal infusion to their bedroom.

Hannibal's advice is to make Aiden get enough fluids and check the temperature while waiting for him to arrive.

Aiden wakes up, confused at first. But he seems a little more rested.

Duncan places the tray on the nightstand. "Food?" Aiden murmurs. His stomach rumbles a bit."

"I made you a soup, my boy," Duncan purrs.

"Can you sit up?"

Aiden grunts. Duncan helps him sit up. Aiden rests his head against the headboard.

"Feed me, alpha," he murmurs, giving him puppy eyes.

How can Duncan possibly resist to this charming omega?

He grabs the large bowl with the steaming soup and dips in the spoon.

"With pleasure," the alpha purrs with a smile.

Duncan blows the spoon. "Open your mouth for me, boy."

Aiden opens his mouth and Duncan leads the loaded spoon to his mouth.

It takes some time until Aiden has eaten enough of the basic soup. He has spilled some on his sweat-soaked sweatshirt. Duncan puts the empty bowl and spoon away.

"I need to piss," Aiden murmurs.

"I'll help you to get into the bathroom," Duncan purrs.

Aiden pushes off the heap of blankets and swings his legs over the bed. When he walks, he does it like a newborn doe. Duncan wraps his arm around his waist and helps the omega to get to the bathroom.

"Wait here," Duncan replies. "I'll bring you fresh clothing."

Aiden nods and sits down on the toilet and relieves himself.

Duncan hurries and brings a fresh pajama and boxers to Aiden who has already stripped and is about to go into the shower.

“Foolish boy,” the alpha grunts. “Let me help you.”

The omega glares but doesn’t offer any resistance. He knows the alpha is right.

Duncan cleans Aiden’s marvellous body with reverence and love. Under different circumstances he would have loved to have sex but it was not the time. Still, he loves the petite body with the perfect proportion. He gapes at his tiny breasts and wonders how they would look if he falls pregnant. But of course he’d never ask. Pups are out of the question for them both.

Aiden is too tired to notice and waits impatiently until Duncan has finished rinsing off the body gel and shampoo from his hair. He shivers as he steps out of the shower. “Bed,” he slurs. “Now!”

“Soon, my love,” Duncan promises him as he rubs him dry. “You’re doing very well.”

Last but not least, Duncan helps Aiden get dressed and sit down into the armchair. Duncan noses his freshly washed hair. “Just let me change the sheets, darling.” Aiden whines.

Duncan hurries while changing the sheets. In the end he forgets to put on new covers on the duvets but it would have to do until the next morning.

“Now, come here,” Duncan grunts. He lifts Aiden off the chair and carries him into the bed.

The omega emits a pleased whine and hides under the heap of blankets again.

“Better?” Duncan asks.

A hoarse Omegan purr comes out of Aiden’s throat. Duncan feels placated by it. The omega curls up in a ball under the blankets and falls asleep again.

Duncan sighs in relief. As much as he enjoys taking care of his mate, he feels a little exhausted and has to look after himself.

After dousing the lights and closing the windows, Duncan puts up some graphic novels, Aiden’s phone and his AirPods on the nightstand, then slinks out of the bedroom with the empty mug to make himself a quick dinner and spoil himself with a tumbler of whiskey.

In the next few days, Duncan falls into a routine, guided by Hannibal’s advice. Checking on Aiden, measuring fever, changing the sheets, accompanying him to the bathroom to wash and dress him,going grocery shopping, feeding soup to Aiden before falling asleep in his arm chair on the other side of the room.

With Hannibal’s prescribed medication and advice, Aiden’s condition improves a lot. One morning, the omega wakes up, stretching his arms and legs. He feels good now, he’s full of energy again. A laugh escapes him. Aiden leans against the rustic headboard,tilting his head

towards the window to take in the morning sun. He listens to the sound of birds singing for a moment, and inhales the fresh air coming in through the open window.

When he hears Duncan groan, and stirs in the sheets, Aiden shifts his attention back to his mate. He sifts his hand through the bristles of chest hair on Duncan's broad chest and kisses him tenderly on the mouth. He frowns as he notices that Duncan's body feels warmer than usual. The alpha opens his eyes and stares into Aiden's impish blue-green eyes.

Oh.

Fuck.

"Morning, old man," Aiden says with a guilty smile.

"Morning, bratty boy," Duncan groans.

"How do you feel?"

"Shit. I think I caught your damn flu," Duncan grunts with a hoarse voice. "You have to take care of me now." He coughs. "Best call Hannibal to help you."

Aiden brings his soft lips to Duncan's. They feel a bit parched and rough. The alpha needs plenty of fluids, the omega notices. His omega and nurturing instincts kick in. His thoughts immediately go to medicine, tea, and all the stuff he would need.

"I'm sorry."

The omega shakes his head and places a finger on his lips.

"Don't apologize. Mates take care of each other, right? In sickness and in health?"

Duncan manages to fling a proud smile at him.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!